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THE THREE THIEVES.

Three lived formerly in the neighborhood of Laon three thieves, who by their ingenious stratagems, audacity, and skill, contrived to lay the whole country under contribution. Two of them, were brothers, and they were named Haimet and Barot. They were sons of a worthy sire, who had followed the same calling as themselves, and ended his career upon the gallows—a fate commonly reserved for individuals who exhibit the peculiar species of talent for which he was distinguished. The third was called Travers. It remains but to say, that they never added murder to robbery, but contented themselves with simple felonies, which they committed with an address which was little short of miraculous. It happened one day that they were all three travelling through the forest of Laon, when the conversation turned upon their respective abilities. Haimet, the elder of the two brothers, discovered upon the summit of a lofty oak, a Magpie's nest, and saw the old Magpie go into it. "Brother," said he to Barot, "if any one should challenge you to go and steal the eggs from under the old bird, without frightening her away, what would you say to them?"

"Say," replied the young one, "why, I should say he was a fool to call upon me to do what was impossible." "That is all very well," replied Haimet; "but I tell you, that the man who is not able to do that, is but a baby at thieving; and so saying, he began to mount the tree. When he reached the nest, he very gently made a hole in the bottom of it, caught the eggs as they fell through the aperture, and brought them down, making his companions remark, as he exhibited them, that there was not one of them broken. "Bravo!" exclaimed Barot; "I most needs confess that thou art a fellow of admirable skill; and if you can now re-ascend and replace them in under the mother as skilfully as you took them away, we will readily acknowledge you as our master in the gentle art and mystery of stealing." Haimet accepted the challenge and re-mounted; and thus fell into the snare which his brother had laid for him. For as soon as Barot perceived him at a certain height, he said to Travers, "You have seen what my brother can do. I will now give you a specimen of my skill." Accordingly, he instantly climbed up after his brother, followed him from bough to bough and while the other, with eyes fixed on the nest, quite intent on his project, and attentive to the least movements of the bird, lest he should drive it away, coiled and glided through the branches like a serpent. Barot adroitly cut off his pockets, and descended, bearing in his hands the trophies of his victory. Haimet, however, having succeeded in replacing the eggs, expected to receive those praises which he felt that his success ought to call forth. "It is all very well," said Barot, jokingly; "but I would bet a trifle you have only hidden the eggs in your pocket." "The eldest would have submitted his pockets for inspection, but finding they had been removed, he saw that he had been tricked by his brother. "Well," cried he, "the most indeed be a skilful thief who can rob a thief."

As for Travers, he felt an equal admiration for the two heroes, nor did he know to which to give the palm. But humbled by the display, and being vexed at their superior dexterity, and conscious of his inability to contend with them for an instant, he said to them: "My friends, you are too much for me. You would escape twenty times together, while I should always be taken. I find I am too dull to prosper at your trade, so farewell! I shall renounce that, and return to my old one. I am able and willing to work, so I shall go home to my wife, and I hope I shall be able, by God's help, to earn an honest penny." Accordingly he returned home to his native village; as he had said, his wife was glad to see him; he became once more an honest man, and labored so successfully, that at the end of some months he was enabled to buy a pig. The animal was fattened, and when Christmas arrived, he killed it, and as usual hung it up by the legs against the wall, while he went to work in the field. It would, however, have been better for him to have sold it; he would by that means have been spared those anxieties which are now to be related. The two brothers, who had never seen him since he separated himself from them, came just at this time to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed at spinning. She told them that her husband was from home and would not return until the evening. So they went away; not, however, till they had scanned every corner of the premises; and in this survey, as may be supposed, the fatted pig did not escape their notice. "Ah, ah!" said they, as they left the house, "this shabby fellow is going to regale himself with the pig, and

has never invited us to partake of it. It will only serve him right to make off with it, and eat it without him." Accordingly the knaves arranged their plot, and concealed themselves in the neighborhood, until night enabled them to put their stratagems into execution. In the evening when Travers returned, his wife told him of the visitors whom she had seen, "I was quite afraid to be alone with them," said she; "and they were such ill-looking fellows, that I did not dare to ask them their names, or what they wanted. But their eyes ferreted out every thing, and I don't think there is a nail in the whole place which escaped them." "Alas!" exclaimed Travers, in a most doleful tone, "they can be no others than my old cronies; my pig is lost—it is a done thing—and I now wish for many reasons that I had sold it." "But," said his wife, "at all events let us try to save it; let us remove it from where it hangs now, and conceal it somewhere else for to-night, and to-morrow we can consider what is best to be done about it." Travers followed his wife's advice; the hog was taken down, and laid upon the ground at a different part of the room and then covered over with the rough which they used to knead the bread: and when they had done this, they retired to bed, feeling, however, by no means easy upon the subject.

The night at length arrived, and with it the two brothers to put their plans into execution; and while the elder one kept watch, Barot began to make a hole in the wall, at the very spot where the hog had hung. He soon, however, found that there was nothing left there, but the cord by which it had been suspended, and exclaimed, "We are too late, the bird is flown." Travers, who was kept in a state of continual alarm, and could get no sleep on account of his dread of being robbed, fancying he heard some noise, awoke his wife, and ran to the kneading-trough to see if the pig were still there. There it was safe enough; but as he felt no less anxiety about his barn and stable, he sallied forth, armed with a hatchet, just to see if all was right. Barot, who heard him go out, seized that opportunity of slipping in at the door; he then crept up to the bedside, and imitating the voice of Travers, said, "Mary, the hog is not hanging up against the wall; what have you done with it?" "Why, don't you recollect," said she, "that we hid it under the kneading-trough?" "Now I do," said he; "but I really had forgotten it—don't you get up, I'll see about it." So saying, he went to the trough, and placing the pig upon his shoulders, marched off with it. After having been his round, and examined every part of the premises, Travers returned. "I must confess," said his wife, "that I have got a husband whose head is not good for much; to think that you should so soon forget where you had put the pig! No sooner did Travers hear those words, than he knew how the case stood. "Ah," said he, "I said they would rob me, and they have done so sure enough. It is gone now, and we shall certainly never see it more." Nevertheless, as the robbers could not be far off, he thought he would follow them, in hopes of overtaking them, and of recovering his property. They had taken a narrow path across the fields, which led to the woods, in which they hoped to conceal their prey with perfect security. Haimet hastened on in front, to see that the coast was all clear; and his brother, who was somewhat encumbered by the load he carried, walked more slowly, and followed at some little distance. Travers soon came up with the latter. He recognized him, and then assuming the tone and voice of the elder brother, said, "You must be tired, give it to me; it is now my turn to carry it." Barot, who thought it was his brother who spoke to him, handed the pig over to Travers, and hastened on towards the wood. He had not however proceeded a hundred yards, before, to his great astonishment, he overtook Haimet. "Confound it!" he exclaimed, "but I have been done! That knave Travers has played me a trick; but never mind, you shall see whether I am not a match for him yet." So saying, he undressed himself, placed his shirt over his other clothes, made up a sort of woman's cap for his head, and, thus accoutred, ran as fast as he possibly could, by a different road, towards the cottage of Travers, for whose arrival he waited just outside the door. No sooner did he see him approach, than he made up to him, as if he had been his wife, and counterfeiting her voice, inquired whether he had recovered the pig. "Oh, yes," replied the husband, "I have got it safe enough." "Give it to me, then, and let me carry it in, while you run round to the stable, and see whether that all is safe, for I heard a great noise there just now, and I am sadly afraid they are trying to break in there."

Travers placed the animal upon the shoulders of his supposed wife, and once more went the rounds of his farm-yard; and great was his surprise when he returned, to find his wife in bed, crying and half dead with fright. He then discovered that he had been duped again. He was determined, however, not to be balked; and as if his honor was at stake in the adventure, he vowed that he would not terminate the affair any other way than triumphantly. Though he never supposed that the thieves would take the same road a second time, he entertained the very reasonable opinion, that the forest being not only the most convenient, but also the most

secure hiding-place, they would again choose it for their retreat; and so, in fact, it was. Thither they speedily betook themselves; and in the joy of their hearts, and their anxiety to taste the fruits of their enterprise, they lighted fire at the foot of a spreading oak, for the purpose of cooking a chop or two. The wood, however, was green, and burnt so badly, that they were forced to go rambling about in search of dry leaves and withered branches. Travers, who, thanks to the faithful blazons of the fire, had in the meantime, been attracted to the same spot, availed himself of their absence to disrobe and ascend the tree. Then suspending himself with one hand from a branch, as if he had been hanged there, he no sooner saw his ancient friends return, and busy themselves in blowing the fire, then he called out with a voice of thunder, "Unhappy men, your end will be like mine." Horrified at this terrific announcement, they looked up, and then seeing, as well as hearing, what they supposed to be the ghost of their father, they speedily betook themselves to flight. Travers instantly re-possessioned himself of his clothes, and of that which he held dearer still, his hog, and returned in triumph to relate to his wife this fresh victory. She, poor soul, threw her arms round him, and overwhelmed him with kisses and congratulations on the boldness and success of the manœuvre. "We must not feel too well satisfied of our safety yet," said he; "the rogues are not far off, and as long as there is a morsel of the bacon left, I shall be afraid of losing it, but make haste, and get some boiling water, and we'll cook it. If they return then, we shall see how they'll manage to get it." So, while she lighted the fire, he cut up the pig, which was thrown piece-meal into the succupan; and they then, that they might take the better care of it, sat themselves down, one in each chimney-corner. But Travers, who was sadly fatigued with the labors and anxieties of his night's work, was not long before he began to doze. "You had better lay down," said his wife; "I will take and watch the succupan." All the doors and windows are fastened, so there is nothing to fear; and, all events, if I hear any noise, I can easily wake you."

Feeling himself satisfied by these assurances he threw himself, all dressed, as he was, upon the bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. His wife continued for some time to keep watch over the kettle and its contents; but at length she began to grow sleepy, and finally she snored in her chair. In the meanwhile the thieves having recovered from their first alarm, returned to the oak; where, finding neither the pig nor the gallowsbird who had so scared them they were not long in dividing the truth of the adventure. They felt they should be dishonored forever should Travers get the better of them in this war of stratagems, and they returned to make a last effort to save their reputation and steal his bacon. Previous to commencing operations, Barot peeped in at the hole in the wall which he had before made, just to see if the enemy were on the watch. There he saw, on the one side, Travers stretched at full length along the bed, and, on the other, Travers's faithful partner, with head bobbing first to the right and then to the left, fast asleep by the fire; a ladle dangling listlessly in her hand, and the bacon soothing her slumbers as it boiled and bubbled in the pot. "They are going to save us the trouble of cooking it," said Barot to his brother. "Well, we have had so much bother about it, they may well spare us that. So now be quiet, and I'll warrant you shall soon taste it. Then he went immediately and cut a long stick, one point of which he sharpened; then mounted the tool, and thrust the stick down the chimney, and stuck it into a piece of bacon, which he very carefully drew out. It so happened, that at this moment Travers awoke. He saw the manœuvre, and then perceived very clearly, that with enemies so skilful, peace was better than war, he called out to them, "Comrades, you are wrong to try and steal my bacon, and I was wrong not to have invited you to partake of it. Let us no longer strive for the mastery at tripping and outwitting each other, for there will be no end to the game.—Come along, and let us make merry together." So he went and opened the door to them, and they all sat down to table, and were reconciled to one another as heartily as possible.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—If you can find nothing else to do, read and improve your mind, and fit yourself for better doing what you may have to do. Instruct your children; see that they have a good school, visit them occasionally, and take a glance at the method in which it is conducted. Do you think they will ever respect you, or be worth having, if you neglect them in their youth, when the mind first takes its bent inclination? No man who has a family should ever say that he has nothing to do. Dr. Franklin once lived upon fifty dollars a year, including all expenses. One may, in this country, carry himself through with less money.

PARENTS who endeavor to protect their children from labor, and encourage them to seek self-indulgence, instead of animating them to become as industrious and useful as possible, and foolishly and certainly preparing them for a hard and thorny bed to lay upon at a subsequent period of their lives.

KNOWLEDGE.—"If thou be ignorant, endeavor to get knowledge, least thou be beaten with stripes; if thou hast attained knowledge, put it in practice, least thou be beaten with many stripes. Better not to know what we should practice, than not to practice what we know; and less danger dwells in unaffected ignorance, than inactive knowledge."

POVERTY AND RICHES.—"If thou desire not to be too poor, desire not to be too rich; he is rich, not that possesses much, but he that covets no more; and he is poor, not that enjoys little, but he that wants too much; the contented mind wants nothing that it hath not; the covetous mind wants not only what it hath not, but likewise what it hath."

SHUN IDLENESS.—A shilling a day is better than nothing. The very act of being at work will procure employ, by and by, at a fair rate. Men avoid him who is always strolling about the streets; he is judged unfit for any thing, and may die for want of employ.

TIME.—"Make use of time if thou lovest eternity: know yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured: to-day is only thine: which if thou procrastinate, thou loosest; which lost, is lost forever; one to-day is worth two to-morrows."

DISCONTENT, says Bulwer, exaggerates every burden, and a feather is as heavy as a mountain when laid on unwilling shoulders. He adds, that he has known men quit England because of the stamp duty on newspapers.

No, is a very useful word—be not afraid to use it. Many a man has pined in misery for years, not having courage to pronounce that little by monosyllable.

NEVER trust a man who flies into a passion on being dunned; make him pay quickly if there be any virtue in law.

Box says that the word "dear," when used by young ladies towards one another, is often synonymous with "wretch!"

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor.

The great misfortune of the present day is, that every body seem to think themselves entitled to live without work.

SCRAPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.—A person who had drank too much one night recently in New Orleans was placed before Recorder Baldwin of that city the following morning. "You were drunk last night," said the Recorder.

"You are right for once," said the prisoner. "I shall send you for thirty days," said the Recorder.

"Oh don't," said the prisoner. "I will," said the Recorder.

"I'm a printer," said the prisoner. "Are you?" said the Recorder.

"I am so," said the prisoner. "We invited you, you know to our anniversary dinner?" "So you did," said the Recorder.

"How did you like that ham?" asked the prisoner. "It was excellent," said the Recorder.

"And the wine?" asked the prisoner. "That was better yet," said the Recorder.

"And the toast so complimentary to you?" asked the prisoner, with a smile. "That was better than all," said the Recorder.

"I know who wrote that toast," said the prisoner. "You may go," said the Recorder.

"I say you, Sam Jousings, does you know any thing about dis woman, Polly Ticks, dat white folks talk so much about?" "Well, I does't. You is too hard for dis child dis time."

"Wy, Sam, Sam, I tort you knowed every ting." "So I does. I knows Polly Jones, wat sells coffee in de vegetable market, and I knows Polly Tomson wat does gwoin out to day's work up in Canal street; but when it comes to Polly Ticks, I's bordered. Guess you'd bet-ax white folks, Pete; dey 'pear to know all about her."

WHETTING A RAZOR. A young fool, who had just begun to shave for beard, stepped into a barber shop, and after a grand swagger, desired to be shaved. The barber went through the usual movement, and the spring jumped up with a flourish, exclaiming—

"Alaw faine fallow, what's your chawge?" "On no charge," was the reply.

"No charge? how's that?" "Why we are always thankful when we can get soft calf-skin to whet our razors on!"

From the Boston Post. THE RUMMY CORK. A HUMOROUS SCENE.

The fifteen gallon law has given rise to some practical jokes on both sides of the question.—The other day, Mr. Fay, the distiller, was in a barber's shop, conversing about the sale of spirits, and, in the presence of Mr. J.—a very zealous temperance reformer, said he would sell liquor to any body. A dialogue, somewhat as follows, ensued:

Mr. J.—Do you say you will sell liquor?

Mr. F.—Yes, to any body—to you if you'll come for it.

Mr. J.—Well, I'll come up to-morrow morning, and try you.

Mr. F.—Well, come along whenever you please.

The next morning Mr. Fay gave his son notice that Mr. J. was coming to purchase some liquor.

Mr. J. was true to his appointment, and called for a pint of liquor. Mr. Fay, the younger, making a great flourish of his funnel and measure, filled the bottle with water. Then corking it tight, poured some rum on the cork. Mr. J. took a long smell at the cork, and, supposing it to be o. k., (all correct) asked "how much was to pay?"

Mr. F.—Five dollars.

Mr. J.—Five dollars! That's exorbitant.

Mr. F.—Why you have come here to buy this rum for the purpose of prosecuting me, and you ought to be willing to pay something towards the fine.

Mr. J.—I shan't give it.

Mr. F.—Will you give a dollar?

Mr. J.—No; I'll give you a quarter—it isn't worth any more.

Mr. F.—Well, let us have the quarter, then. The quarter was handed over, and Mr. J.—n went his way rejoicing, and ever and anon regaled his nose with the flavor of the rum-scented cork, as he passed through the street. Alas, when he reached home, he learnt that melancholy truth, that "all is not gold that glitters," and that the smell of the cork is not always a proof of the contents of a bottle.

Although Mr. J. considers water better than rum, he considers it high at twenty-five cents a pint.

A beggar, while drinking some cider at a farmer's house down east, which, by the way, was hard enough to make a pig squeal—was asked if he would accept of a little bread and cheese. "No, I thank you," said the codger; "it's as much as I can do to drink your cider—letting alone your victuals."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The New Hampshire Whig says it once heard of a facetious person whose name was "New," who named his first child "Something," as it was "Something New." His second was christened "Nothing," it being "Nothing New."

"Don't know where that boy got his temper; he did not take it from me." "Why, no, my dear, I don't perceive that you have lost any?" was the affectionate reply of the spouse.

PITHY AND POINTED. A fellow who married a termagant who drove him to desperation, and finally to death, just before dying, requested a friend to have the following brief yet pungent inscription upon his tomb:

"Slain by a Jaw-bone!"

ANECDOTE. A farmer once hired a Vermont to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to get the smallest end, for which the latter reproved him, and told him always to take the big end. Dinner came and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink exclaimed, "always take the butt end."

A left tongued talker said that while travelling once, "I was afraid I shouldn't lose my way—and seeing a man coming straight from me, I ran with all my might to meet him, and told him if this road didn't go no where? and he axed me yes you fool."

As one among other singular coincidences, there is, at the present time a man named "Cain Abel," keeping the "Adam and Eve," tavern in Eden, Vt.

A man who had a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry made after her, said she was pretty well in general, only subject at times to a "breaking out of the mouth."

A REMEDY.—A person choked with a potatoe, will find instant relief by swallowing a pumpkin.

A down east parson, in the course of a recent sermon, observed to his female auditors, "be not proud, that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection; for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

From the Age. JUDICIAL TENURE.

It is doubtless known to all our readers that the important question of a change of the tenure of Judicial offices is to be decided on the day of the next annual election. The tenure proposed by the legislature—the mode of appointment is not to be changed—may be seen by the reference to the resolve for that purpose in another column.

We have not discussed this subject thus far because we deemed it more appropriate to its importance that the discussion should take place near the period of action; than that discussion having been had at an early period, should subside, and the subject thus pass, in a manner, from the public mind, before the period of the annual election.

While we have steadily opposed action upon this subject, as an expedient to get rid of incompetent Judges, on the ground that the Constitution, as it now stands, provides an ample remedy which lacks nothing but a fearless performance of duty on the part of the Legislature to make it a practical one—the question being proposed, we shall unhesitatingly give our vote in favor of the change. We hold the principles on which it is advocated to be correct in theory, and we have no fears that they will not operate well in practice. We believe that if the change takes place, impartiality and assiduity will continue to be generally manifested by the incumbents—not only from the inducement which now operates, the desire of reputation, but also as the first and most essential means to secure a continuance in office.

The oft-repeated phrase, "Independent Judiciary" has no pertinence under our institutions or government; and the considerations which render it dear to the people from which we sprung do not apply in any measure to us. In England while the Judges held office during the pleasure of the King they were of course corruptly subservient to his purposes and regardless of the rights and interests of the people. The latter therefore in that country obtained a substantial benefit, when they obtained an Independent Judiciary—that is judges who could do justice without forfeiting their offices, and who, therefore, would have no pecuniary inducement to do otherwise.

If Judges in this country were appointed by some power above the reach of the people, and whose interests were at war with theirs, these principles would apply. But the case is reversed. The theory of our government is that the people are sovereigns—the source of power—and the government consists of agents, the basis and guaranty of whose fidelity are the fact that they are responsible for the exercise of power to the people from whom it is derived. The people, directly or by their agents, therefore, unto duly authorized appoint their own Judges. They should be just, impartial and faithful in the performance of their duties, because so will they not only fulfil the wishes, but promote the morality and fidelity, in other words, regard for the will and the interests of the people, be most certainly secured? Clearly, unless our whole republican system is a falsehood, by making the judges responsible to those whose power they wield, and whose interests are to be guarded. Thus it is that a Responsible Judiciary, become under a Republican system, the counterpart of Independent Judiciary under a monarchical system. Under the latter the King is the source of Judicial power, and the people its subjects, therefore the interests of the latter require that the depositaries of the power as they cannot be dependent upon them, should at least be independent of their antagonist. Under the former system the people are both the source of the power and its subjects—therefore their interests as its subjects, are best secured by holding its depositaries responsible to them, as its source.

These views are so plain that they must have occurred to every one who has bestowed any considerable reflection upon the subject. In principle, the proposed change must be right—to deny this is to question the fundamental doctrine of our republican system.

Some views of the expediency of the change as tested by the experience of other states, we reserve for another occasion.

From the Bangor Democrat. MILITARY TENURE.

The people of this State are about to expunge the British tenure in their Constitution in relation to the Judicial Tenure, whereby Judges hold their offices until seventy years of age, if they behave well; but repugnant as this tenure is to the form & spirit of democracy, another allowable practice is quite as bad if not still more objectionable. We refer to the Military Tenure. A Major General, for any thing we know to the contrary, may hold his office even longer than a Judge, until he is an hundred years old, if he live to that age. By the Constitution a Judge must leave his office at seventy, but by the laws a Major General may retain his until he "shuffles off this mortal coil."

The evils arising from such a practice are manifold and obvious. Promotion is the greatest stimulant of the militia—crush its pride and yet destroy its life. Without ambition and hope of command on the part of the soldiers, the militia becomes a dead body, a useless institution. What young man of any pride or enterprise will join the ranks, except on compulsion, if he must always remain a rank and file man? Once fill all the offices, and without rotation, resignation or death is the only hope of the ambitious soldier.

The Major Generals may be and too often are, life fixtures upon the militia, doing more to drag down and render the system odious than all other causes combined. They ascend to the top of the military ladder, and there they remain for years and years throwing lead upon

the heads of the subordinate officers and soldiers, and creating in the minds of others disgust of the system which had legislation would never produce. In this way even good Generals become unpopular, and those that are inefficient or obnoxious, become an intolerable eye-sore and lasting cause of offence.

Nothing would do more to elevate the character of the militia and improve the militia system, than for the Legislature to pass a law limiting the tenure of military office. No person should be permitted to hold military office of any grade more than five years without a reelection. This would open the door to promotion, rid the militia of clogs and incumbrances, create new energy and life, add to its respectability, be hailed with approbation by the people, and carry out an important democratic principle. This subject will doubtless be brought before the next Legislature, and we are not permitted to doubt that the decision of the servants of the people will be in favor of limiting the Military tenure.

THE FEDERAL STIMULUS.

The New York Evening Star has opened the campaign systematically, with the Bank of the United States as the advance of Mr. Clay's forces. The federal troops are called upon to look to it as the sacred banner—the sign in which alone they can conquer. This is the inscription which Major Noah displays:

"WE MUST HAVE A NATIONAL BANK. Suffice the matter as we will; indulge our party notions as we will; to this course we must come, if we have any regard for the good of the whole country."

They have "stified the matter," until Mr. Clay and his friends have discovered that they must bring the great divinity of Federalism openly into the field, to rally the mercenaries on whom alone he can depend to fight his battle. And now the Star appears with successive numbers under the editorial head, invoking the whip rank and file to proceed to immediate action. The object is to stir up the busy partisans who figured in the service of the bank, in every town and village, to ply the work of panic petitions again. Noah says:

"The people are the masters, and are expected to tell their agents what to do; while in other nations the 'governing power' is emphatically so, and the people wait to know what their masters desire to do; hence with us it is the duty to act, not to wait for Government action."

This is an introduction to the second number of the Bank exhortation, beginning thus: "When a good thing is required to be done, the best way is to set about it at once. I therefore propose that, in every town of every county of every State in the Union, such citizens as may be interested in securing to themselves, (and to their children who are to follow them,) a good sound currency—such a currency as shall be as good at one end of the country as the other—at once to assemble and prepare a memorial of Congress, setting forth the fact that the country is now, in regard to a currency, in a very deplorable condition, with every prospect of becoming more and more so, till its best interests are submerged in the general ruin. That Congress (unless it can in its wisdom devise a better plan) should at once charter a National Bank, with an ample capital, and power to establish branches, at all the leading points of trade in the Union."

The editors of newspapers throughout the Union are invited, or rather hired, to publish these articles, by the notification from the author to all editors who insert his communications that by sending in their bills he will pay them all as soon as we have an equalized currency. The meaning of this is, that the Bank will reward all its editorial advocates, when re-established. Noah understands this [Globe.]

THE MONEY PARTY.

There is no way in which money can be brought to bear on an election, that is not eagerly practised by the Federal Party. The use of this potent instrument for electioneering purposes, is thus frankly avowed by an opposition press:

"Unless the Whig party can forthwith unite on a single and capable and patriotic candidate all hope of destroying the Van Buren dynasty is at an end, and we lose time, energy and money in directing our attention to petty minor contests. Noah's Eve Star.

"Time energy, and money!" these, then, are the weapons—the last not least—with which the opposition mean to carry on the coming contest. Let the people remember the bold admission, and be prepared to meet the party, which thus relies for success upon the mammon of unrighteousness, as it deserves to be met by a virtuous, and insulted community! Eastern Argus.

FOR TEXAS, HO! ANOTHER LEG TREASURER.

A person in Richmond, a few days since, says the Keen Sentinel, laid upon a log a band of Bank Bills, when a Steer standing by, seized and swallowed the whole at a mouthful. All attempts to force him to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth were fruitless. He is said to have gone to Texas. Oh! The Awful Sub-Treasury! Eastern Argus.

MASSACHUSETTS LICENSE LAW.—John Q. Adams, says the Quincy Patriot, has written a letter upon this subject to Henry Williams, of Boston, in which he gives his opinion that the "Fifteen Gallon Law" is injudicious and imprudent, and hopes it will be repealed by the next Legislature.

Having understood that the patriotic citizens of Buffalo had presented a pair of Blankets to Gov. FAIRFIELD, in token of their approbation of his course upon our Boundary question during the last winter, we have procured a copy of the correspondence upon the occasion, which we subjoin. And we take pleasure in pointing to the letter of those citizens as evidence that the wisdom, firmness and spirit of our Chief Magistrate throughout that trying crisis, are properly appreciated by the high minded and patriotic citizens of our sister States; and we ask the candid men of all parties to contrast the noble and generous spirit of that letter, with the mean, unpatriotic and most contemptible spirit which pervades the federal press upon this subject.—Maine Democrat.

BUFFALO, May 30, 1839.

To His Excellency JOHN FAIRFIELD,
Governor of Maine.

Sir,—In the recent collisions, which so seriously threatened the peace of this Union, in which your State took a leading part, the citizens of the city of Buffalo felt a deep interest for the honor of our country.

They saw that upon your firmness, intrepidity and valor, much depended for the confidence of our own citizens in the justice of our cause, and the respect we should command from foreign nations.

They saw that you, in that crisis defended the soil of your own State and through that the soil of our common country, from British insolence and British invasion, with an energy, a zeal and a patriotism, worthy of an American freeman.

As a token of their approbation of your conduct on that occasion, they have instructed us to present to you in their names, and request you to accept from them the accompanying pair of blankets, manufactured in this city, by American artisans, of wool the growth of the country of Erie.

While we express to you the gratification we feel in being made their organ of communication between you and them, we beg of you to accept from us individually our sentiments of regard and esteem. We are, Sir,

Your obt. serv'ts.

D. TILLINGHAST,
H. W. ROGERS,
ELIAS A. BRADLEY,
P. DORSEMER,
SAM'L P. JUDSON,
A. McCULLOUGH,
J. MURDOCK,
JAS. G. DICKIE,
FRED. R. P. STEVENS,
HENRY K. SMITH,
SAM'L CALDWELL,
HORATIO SEYMOUR, Jr.,
C. A. WALDRON.

AUGUSTA, June 21, 1839.

Gentlemen,—On reaching this place last evening your note of the 30th ultimo was handed me, accompanied by a pair of blankets, manufactured in the city of Buffalo by American artisans, of wool, the growth of the country of Erie, which you inform me, are presented by the citizens of Buffalo as a token of their approbation of my course during the late occurrences upon our North eastern frontier, which so seriously threatened to disturb the peaceful relations of the country.

Love of approbation is a common sentiment—but so complimentary a notice, coming as it does from the intelligent and patriotic citizens of your young and flourishing city, and for the cause referred to, is peculiarly gratifying, and will ever remain among the most cherished recollections of my public life.

The events referred to, I trust are not to be without many good effects, and among them, I cannot regard as the least important, the trial made of the strength of that chain of sympathy and fraternal affection which binds together this glorious Union. The deep interest in our affairs, at that critical juncture, felt and manifested by other States, will not only ever be gratefully remembered by Maine, but, taken in connection with the action of the General Government, must necessarily operate to increase the confidence of the whole country in the adaptation of our existing institutions of government to every emergency, and the entire sufficiency for the protection, security and happiness of the people.

Be pleased, gentlemen, to express to the citizens of Buffalo my sincere thanks for their highly valued present, exhibiting a fineness of staple, and skill and perfection of manufacture highly creditable to your State, and to accept for yourselves, personally, assurances of my high respect and esteem.

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Messrs D. Tillinghast and others, Committee.

From the Eastern Argus.

Gov. Fairfield's Letter.

The following letter, written by Gov. Fairfield, in reply to an invitation to attend the celebration at Holliston, Mass., on the 4th inst. we find in yesterday's Courier. It had not before attracted our attention, and we are obliged to our contemporary for noticing it. It breathes so excellent and honest a spirit that we transfer it to our own columns:

SACO, June 23, 1839.

Sir,—I regret that my engagements will prevent my acceptance of your very kind invitation to attend, as an honorary guest, the celebration of the 4th of July by the democratic citizens of the 9th Congressional District of Massachusetts.

It would afford me much gratification to meet the sterling democracy of your District, whose long and arduous struggle in the good cause, I cannot doubt is yet to be crowned with complete and glorious success. Soon may the noble banner of democracy be

seen waving in triumph over the prostrate form of federalism, and all kindred errors. With sentiments of high respect and esteem, I am, Sir, your most obt. servant,
JOHN FAIRFIELD.

To the Chairman of the Committee, &c.

The Courier, it seems, is not pleased with this letter of the Governor. We should not expect it to be. We are inclined to think, however, it will suit the Democracy of Maine, precisely. There is a sincerity in its expression of attachment to republican principles, which cannot fail to command respect. If the Governor had been a little less honest—it he had equivocated a little—if, after the example of federalists, he had said one thing and meant another—mystifying his language so as to appear "all things to all men"—his letter, although, in our estimation, it would have been far less praiseworthy than it now is, would not doubt have been quite acceptable to the opposition. But there is no "double-dealing" in the Governor's character. He does every thing in a plain, straight-forward way—ever speaking as he thinks. He is a democrat—and he says so. He wishes the universal triumph of Democracy—and so he freely declares. Is there any thing wrong in this? Not, we are sure, in the opinion of those who value sincerity and love honesty.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 30, 1839.

Democratic Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR.

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Oxford Democratic Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations in the County of Oxford are requested to send the usual number of Delegates to a Convention to be held at the Corner Horse in Paris, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of August next at ten o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators and County Treasurer, to be supported at the ensuing election.

Per order of the County Committee.
Paris, July 1, 1839.

NOTICE.—The Democratic electors of Paris are requested to assemble at the Court House in said Town on Saturday, the tenth day of August next, at five o'clock P. M., to choose delegates to meet in County Convention on the week following for the nomination of Senators and Treasurer of the County, and to transact such other business as may be deemed expedient.
Paris, July 27, 1839. Per order.

We place in our columns to-day the name of JOHN FAIRFIELD as the Democratic candidate for Governor for the ensuing year, he having received the regular nomination by a Convention of the Democratic members of the Legislature last winter. He has been once already before the people, and we feel a degree of pride in again presenting a man so worthy their suffrages—one who has given an earnest of his future course in the noble and desirable stand which he took to sustain our rights when an attempt was made to trample on them by a foreign power.

He was nominated last year by the unanimous voice of a large and respectable Convention. The federal party were then in the ascendancy, and were revelling and rioting on their ill-gotten power. The Democracy felt secure in their strength, and were determined to retrieve their cherished principles, and to elect the man who had been presented to them as the most fitting person to rule over a free and intelligent people. They did elect him—opposed though he was, by all the zeal, and industry, and recklessness of the Federal faction, who spared neither their time, their money, or their consciences, in laboring for his defeat. The people were then told that they would be proud of their choice—that the ship of State would have a man at the helm who was able to steer her clear of the shoals and quicksands with which she was then surrounded. And how has it been. During his arduous Administration, has he not shown most clearly his fitness for the station with which he was thus honored? Has he not nobly justified the confidence reposed in him by the people? Is there a man in the community that did not feel his bosom glow with feelings, not only of satisfaction, but of pride, on witnessing the high-minded and honorable stand he took and maintained in regard to our Boundary troubles. Is there one who but felt that Maine had a man at the helm who was equal to the situation in which he was placed. We believe there is none. No man could have better met the crisis—none could have been more admirably successful in vindicating, without actual bloodshed, the honor and dignity of the State. All parties were then loud in his praises, and their admiration of him was openly and freely expressed.

He is again placed before the people for their votes. They have observed his bold, unflinching course with feelings of pride. His devotion to the interests of the whole State, and his honest independence in all his acts, have won for him their approbation and esteem; while the soundness of his Democratic principles, and the sincerity of his political faith, challenge for him their warmest and most confident support. That he will be re-elected we do not entertain a doubt. But that he will be assailed and opposed by the opposition presses, and condemned for acts which received their praises at the time they were committed, is to be expected. Every mean which violence and vindictiveness can use to defeat him will be used by the federalists. Their apparent inactivity is but a new feint to deceive. They are working with a zeal and activity worthy a better cause, but in a sly and secret manner. Their show of inactivity and carelessness in their maneuvering is intended to throw the Democracy off their guard; but in this they will be disappointed—the Democracy have too recently experienced the mortification of defeat in consequence of their own apathy, and they will be wary how they again suffer the Federalists to steal a march upon them, and wrest the victory from their hands. If the people—the honest yeomanry will but look around and examine the polit-

ical horizon for themselves, there is no fear but all will be right, and the election of JOHN FAIRFIELD as Governor of Maine for the year 1840, by a triumphant majority, is certain. Let every man do his duty!

For the Democrat.

OUR OPPONENTS BUSY.

Far from me is the wish, as far even as the power, of alarming or exciting unduly, the Democratic Republicans of Oxford County. If we have a right, however, to judge from appearances, we cannot do less than say, that as slumber and repose now beguile us, defeat and disaster soon await us. And if this be the case, the sooner we unfurl the Democratic banner—the sooner we spread the alarm and beat to arms, and the sooner we awake from this unwarrantable lethargy, the better shall we discharge our duties to ourselves, our Government and our State. Were it our fortune to live in a land, or in a portion of our own country, where peace and gentleness always reigned, where quietness and modesty governed our actions, where truth and duty were made the only motives to industry and perseverance, we might rest at our leisure, and silently await the issue of every Political event. But, modifying as it is to human nature, can we not say the reverse of this picture is our portion?

For, although the Democratic Republicans, as a body, wish to live in peace, and be governed by the great principles of truth and honesty, yet there are those among us who, despising the simplicity of a Republican Government, treat these cardinal virtues with scorn and contempt—who, enjoying all the advantages of just and able rulers, yet charge them with treason, hypocrisy and cowardice—and who, though nominally considered the children of our own favored Government, are at heart as they are looked upon by the Royalists of England—our panic makers in peace, our deserters in war, our faction at home, and our reproach among Foreign Nations. I should, however, be doing injustice to my own feelings, and prove recreant to my own convictions, did I believe this faction as large as it appears to be. The contingent brightness of a few noble stars in the Political Firmament has given apparent form and comeliness to a Political Creed, the most heterogeneous in its composition, as well as the most reckless of means for the attainment of its end.

We congratulate Old Oxford that her climate and soil are not more congenial to the growth, production and increase of prosolutes to this anomaly among Political Creeds. In the coming Election for Governor and Legislative Officers, an attempt is to be made to transplant, to nourish and strengthen this exotic—this Political plant of foreign origin—this legitimate progeny of Division and Desperation. The utmost silence is to be preserved by all those who assist in its culture and development. Are there any who doubt that this beautiful perennial, having existed for sixty-three years—taking its origin from Toryism and passing unhurt through the furnace of a score of minor wars, till at last it has taken root in the plagiarism called modern Whiggism. I repeat, can we doubt that this parasite will have branches in Oxford County? Let us mention one reason, at least, which will have a tendency to remove that doubt, especially at the present time.

It has always been observable, in the Physical world, that a calm precedes a storm. If we can rely on the testimony of Mariners there is nothing they so much dread as a sudden stillness—a calm, where all the elements of nature are lashed, and a sudden silence pervades the air and vasty deep. 'Tis then comes the fearful pressages and apprehensions of danger. Soon their fears are more than realized by the bursting of the sea, and rending of the atmosphere, till an earthquake or tornado ends this disastrous concussion of the elements. Thus with the moral world, and especially with the opposition in politics. All, now, is still—all is apparent silence—everything is calm and glides most smoothly in appearance, and nothing ruffles the slumbering energies of friends or enemies. The voice of the Prophet sighs, Beware! A change will soon occur which will show us that our opponents have improved this calm. The curtain will soon be raised, and exhibit to our astonished gaze behind its ample folds, the whole machinery of opposition warfare already to deluge us with unexpected deceit and danger.

Perhaps it is wrong to rally our strength on presentiment or prophetic vision. Therefore, let us refer to experience, which proves, without a word of argument, or comment, that our popular State Government was suspended in '37 simply on account of the opposition machinery behind the curtain, and the secret advantage gained by a political calm. The glorious result of the election in '38 regenerated the Government; but from the calm of '39 we were not in danger of the political regency which occurred in '37, when an enthusiastic opposition celebrated a triumph of Aristocracy over Democracy, by the roar of the cannon, the peal of the Bell, and the shouts of midnight revelry?

Should the present party in power prove recreant to its doctrine of freedom and equality and by neglect of vigilance, lose its hold on the heart of the "free and brave," becoming, at the same time, a minority, there would be no room for those noiseless creatures called Democrats; but all space would become occupied by empty wine pipes and flushed faces crying Kent ho! and victory; while all national virtue would consist in the universal proscription of one side, and in unceasing adulation of the other. Since these things are so it becomes us to be wise unto the salvation of our Government; and take heed that we leave nothing undone that can be done in justice and honor to secure the election of "good men and true."

UP AND DOING.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE FEDS.—An exchange paper states that the Rev. Mr. Miller who has announced that the world was coming to an end in 1843, has lately discovered an error of one hundred years in his calculations. This will give the Whigs time to repent their misdeeds, and were they not perfectly incorrigible there would be some hopes of their amendment.—Burlington Sentinel.

POOR PROPERTY.—The N. Y. Express says: The Whig party belongs to men. Gen. Harrison owns one part of it, and Mr. Clay owns another.

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From the Washington Metropolis.
"I shall not, while I have the honor to ad-
minister the Government, bring a man into any
office of consequence, knowingly, whose POL-
ITICAL TENETS are adverse to the
measures which the General Government is
pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be a
sort of political suicide. That it would em-
barrass its movements, is certain."—George
Washington.

LET EVERY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN THE UNION COPY THIS.

PETER HAGNER, Third Auditor, has
held his office for thirty years, at a salary of
\$3000 per annum, making \$90,000. He has
under him a family clique of seven relatives,
sons and brother-in-law appointed by him, re-
ceiving the amount of several thousand more.
All these are hot, thoroughgoing Federalists, they
boast that they are so, and defy Mr. Van Bu-
ren and his "democratic scum to put them out."
Besides, we understand some portion of his
family have snug places in the army. We
think this rather monopolizing.

We mistake Mr. Van Buren very much, if
he will not apply the same principle of rotation
in office to this Federal incumbent that he did
to his democratic friends, Jones, Skinner and
Craig. If he does not, what excuse can he
give the democracy for retaining in office a
political opponent, while he is turning out his
friends. Will the democratic party stand it?
"Aye, there's the rub."

ENCOURAGING. The Federal papers, not-
withstanding their pretended indifference and
hatred of party politics, are waxing warm as
the election approaches, and can even now tell
a pretty round whiff (lie) with a good relish.

Again we hear them say that every Sub-
Treasurer is a defaulter, and every democrat
of any prominence a knave and dirty loco loco.
For the thousandth time the country is again
ruined and liberty trampled to death by Agrar-
ians, Robespierrists and Locos Focos. The
country is again overrun with banditti and plun-
ders in high places, and the gold and silver
humbly to annihilate all business and bank-
rupt the nation. These are highly favorable
indications, and will arouse the democracy to
action. The "huge paws" and "dirty loco lo-
cos," the "simple men" and "vulgar democrats"
will keep the government from the hand of a
mushroom aristocracy and monied oligarchy;
they will keep the Banks and lordly aristocrats
in subjection, rely upon it. Banks and irres-
ponsible Corporations have seen their best days
—the sovereignty of the people will be asserted
and equal laws and equal rights will more and
more prevail, until man's perfect liberty is
established.—Bangor Democrat.

The Bangor Courier says, out of sixty-seven
receivers at land agents six-four are de-
fauiters." The Age says there is no reason
to believe there will be a dollar lost by one of
them. Once, upon a time, great sickness raged
in a place, and as is usual the people would in-
quire of one another, as they met, *who is sick?*
At length the contagion became so great that
they no longer asked *who is sick?* but *who is well?*
Let the democratic papers improve upon
this suggestion, and no longer attempt to re-
fute the lies that appear in the Federal papers,
but when we find in their columns a truth, let us
chronicle it.—the rest will be understood to be
lies. In this way a great saving of time, labor
and space, will be gained. [Belfast Rep.]

THE FEDERAL PARTY IN ANARCHY.—The
N. Y. Express says:
"There is now in Pennsylvania no responsa-
ble representations of the whig party." Phila-
delphia sets off for itself. Harrisburg sets up
for itself. The West nullifies, and declares its
"independence." The party is in anarchy. It
has abandoned the principles of whig organiza-
tion, and the sections rally under great cap-
tains to whom they belong.

From the Frontier (Calais) Journal.
Among all the counterfeit paper afloat in the
community, there can be found none more
decidedly spurious than the Eastern Argus.
Revived. Its editor claims to have pursued
an undeviating political course, and insists that
he has never abandoned his ancient principles,
and yet the columns of his newspaper breathe
nothing but Federalism, with all its venomous
bitterness and malice. It professes to be Con-
servative, but between Conservatism and
Federalism, the distinction is without a differ-
ence. They both tend to the same point, and
will reach it by the same route. They are
hand and glove, pledged to mutual aid, and will
not be likely to quarrel till the spoils of that
victory they hope to achieve, are to be divided.
The magic of a name will not hide the defor-
mities of its owner, neither can the pill of fed-
eralism be so gilded as to be made grateful to
the palates of the people.

In connection with this subject perhaps the
following quotation may find an application.

"Though you have tried that nothing's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face,
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs;
Yet as tis counterfeit and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when there's known
Are past their labor and undone."

"Sweet music," as the little boy said ven he
played on a sugar whistle.

THE TIMBER.—The opposition have been
circulating a story that the trespass timber had
been let through the Aroostook boom and ran
into British waters; and another story that the
men employed there had nothing to eat. Both
these stories turn out, as might be expected,
to be Federal lies. The Editor of the Belfast
Journal has conversed with a man who left Fort
Fairfield on the 8th inst., and who meets the
stories with a plump denial. He says but "13
sticks escaped through the boom, and these by
the breaking of a small joint or fastening of the
boom, and which got into the drift stuff and
could not be extracted." The complaint about
poor living, too, he says, is totally without foun-
dation. In proof of this falsehood, he adds that
on the same fare he has increased his own
weight to 25 lbs. more than he ever before
weighed.

Nothing would better please the Federalists,
no doubt, than to have both these stories true.
They would like to see the timber lost, merely
for the sake of finding fault with their oppo-
nents. They will not, however, be thus grati-
fied. Anxious as they may be for such a
consummation, they must forego the pleasure
of rejoicing over the States' misfortunes.
Eastern Argus.

The opposition used to find fault with Mr.
Van Buren for his non-committalism. Now
they condemn him for being too plain spoken.
His late speech at New York, in which he a-
vows his continued attachment to the Independ-
ent Treasury, has put them in a perfect fever
of rage and excitement. They make it out
the grossest insult, and most unexpected thing
in the world. Just as if they didn't know, as
well before as after the speech, that Mr. Van
Buren was in favor of that measure—and just
as if he could be expected to dissemble on the
subject, for the sake of gratifying a clique of
New York Brokers.—Eastern Argus.

WHIG OPINION.—The following extract from
Buckingham's Boston Galaxy, a whig paper of
the strongest and bitterest cast will give our
readers some idea of the prospect the intelligent
portion of the whig party, see before them of
success at the next Presidential election:—
"Cons County Democrat.
"Mr. Webster has written a letter from Lon-
don to the people of Massachusetts, withdraw-
ing his name from the list of candidates for the
Presidency. What effect this will have upon
the fortunes of Messrs Clay and Harrison, we
presume will not be very apparent at present, if
ever. His ultimate election, if he had remain-
ed a candidate was almost an impossibility, and
the election of either of those gentlemen is
more than an improbability."

WALDO.—A correspondent in Waldo coun-
ty writes us as follows:—"We are organizing
for the fall campaign, and our Democratic
brethren in other parts of the State many rest
assured that Waldo will still be true to herself
in the support of the good old principles of
Democracy. I think I never was acquainted
with a set of men who could be so certainly
dependent upon the day of trial, as the Dem-
ocrats of Waldo county."

THE WHIG PARTY.—The following opinion
of the party itself is so exact, that we cannot
resist the temptation to add it to our category.
It is from the pen of John Quincy Adams.
"Of that party treachery is so favorite an in-
strument that I have heard Mr. Burgess com-
plain that they have used it even with him.
It is their nature and vocation. So will and
so mote it always be. The have no honest
principle to keep them together—their only
cement is a sympathy of hatred to every man
of purer principles than themselves."

MAINE.—We like to see the hearty good
will with which the democratic papers in Maine
have hoisted their flags for the next campaign.
The popularity of Gov. FAIRFIELD leave no
room to doubt about the result of the contest,
but we rejoice to see that his friends are just
as vigilant as though there was a possibility of his
defeat. Go ahead my good fellows—Massa-
chusetts will soon shake hands with you.

Nothing would please us better than to
"shake hands" with Massachusetts. And from
the way our friends there are shaking their
fists at the opposition, we should not wonder if,
next November, we were able to do it. Mean-
while, the Post is right about Gov. Fairfield.—
He stands O. K. with the people—and nothing
is wanting but vigilance on the part of his
friends, to secure his re-election by a largely
increased majority.—Eastern Argus.

FEDERAL GROANS.—In the twenty-six States
of this Union, out of twelve thousand postmas-
ters, Mr. Van Buren, in the two years and a
half he has been in office, has removed 231.—
In two months after the Feds got the Govern-
ment of Maine into their hands they removed
over three hundred men from office—nearly
every State officer. Profession against Prac-
tice. When in power, in any State, the Feds
ever make a clean sweep, and when out of
power, they groan horribly at removing men
from office for "opinion's sake." [Belfast Rep.]

The Chicago Democrat very correctly
remarks that no democratic office holder should
be afraid of Federal abuse and says that when a
man in office, is complimented by the Federal
party, it is an infallible sign that he is either
of them or afraid of them.

The hoosier gals chase their hens up hill
to make them lay eggs and in this way do an
up-hill business, by selling eggs at six cents a
dozen.

ELECTION TABLE.	
Elections are yet to be held in the following States for Members of Congress:	
Rhode Island	in the month of August, 2 reps.
Maryland,	the first Monday of Oct. 8 "
N. Carolina,	in the month of August, 13 "
Alabama,	the first Monday of Aug. 5 "
Mississippi,	the first Monday of Nov. 2 "
Tennessee,	the first Tuesday in Aug. 13 "
Kentucky,	the first Monday in Aug. 13 "
Indiana,	the first Monday in Aug. 7 "

The following interesting information is
derived from returns recently made to the Gen-
eral Post Office Department.

Newspapers, Magazines, and periodicals published in the United States, 1st July, 1839.	
Maine,	41
New-Hampshire,	26
Vermont,	31
Massachusetts, (Boston, 65.)	124
Rhode Island,	14
Connecticut,	31
New York (N. Y. city, 71)	274
New Jersey,	39
Maryland, (Baltimore, 20)	48
Pennsylvania, (Philadelphia, 71)	274
Delaware,	3
Dist. of Columbia, (Washington, 10)	16
Virginia, (Richmond 10)	52
North Carolina,	30
South Carolina,	20
Georgia,	83
Florida,	9
Alabama,	34
Mississippi,	36
Louisiana,	26
Arkansas,	4
Tennessee,	50
Kentucky,	31
Ohio, (Cincinnati 27)	164
Michigan,	31
Wisconsin,	5
Iowa,	3
Indiana,	69
Illinois,	33
Missouri,	25

Of the above 116 are published daily, 38 in
the German language, 4 in French and 1 in
Spanish.

DESECRATION OF THE MONUMENT OF MR.
JEFFERSON.—We were very much surprised to
see, during a visit to the grave of Jefferson,
that the granite monument has been mutilated
and broken by visitors; and that the marble
slab over the grave of his wife has also been
broken. We trust that the good people of the
United States who travel for the purpose of see-
ing the place, where the body of this immortal
man is laid, will desist from thus desecrating
his monument. We consider it worse than
sacrilege to be breaking in pieces a monument
erected over the ashes of one of the most il-
lustrious of Statesmen and Patriots. We nev-
er should dare exhibit as a relic, even the small-
est particle of stone which we had been break-
ing from the monument of the Sage of Montic-
ello. More than 1000 strangers annually visit
the grave of Mr. Jefferson: we hope for the fu-
ture that all visitors will desist from like de-
gradations. The editors in the United States
can put a stop to this evil, by cautioning the
public against it, and we trust they will do so.
—Jeffersonian Republican.

ENCOURAGING.—The Journal of Commerce
estimates, from the richness of the wheat crops
already gathered, and the promising appearance
of those yet to come in, that we may expect,
during the coming year, bread-stuffs to value
of \$10,000,000. (This, added to 1,600,000
bales of cotton, (the probable amount of the
next crop) it thinks will turn the exchanges
decidedly in favor of this country, unless our
merchants as they are apt to do, when they
feel strong, go to importing too freely.—Argus.

SINGULAR AND SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A
correspondent of the Boston Traveller writes,
that a young man by the name of Norman Spen-
cer, employed in turning at a water lathe, in
East Randolph, Vt. while stooping to adjust
the manner. The ends of his neckcloth caught
around the small rough end of a bed post, on
which he was at work, and instantly drew his
head down, his throat across the timber, and
choke him to death. He was drawn with such
force as to break his neck, and in a moment
to render him insensible in pain. He was
immediately released, but, all signs of life had
departed.

THE SEA SERPENT is making his regular vis-
its this season, about the coast of Massachusetts.
Capt. Sturgis, of the Revenue cutter Hamilton,
reports, says the Boston Gazette, that he and
his officers, had a fair view of the monster, off
Nahant, on Wednesday afternoon last. His
appearance was such as has been often describ-
ed. He was distant from them about twice the
length of the vessel, and after remaining in
sight a few minutes, sunk into the water and
disappeared. [Argus.]

GIGANTIC PROJECT.—The British govern-
ment propose to have, for direct communication
with their East India Possessions, through the
Red Sea, five steamers, of 1500 tons each;
two smaller ones in India, and omnibusses and
vans to cross the isthmus of Suez. This is in-
dependent of the steamers in the Mediterranean.
The cost will be about a million of dollars
per annum.

CONFIDENCE IN THE PEOPLE. The great-
est mistake which the educated and exalted are
now making, is in underrating the understand-
ing of the people.—Stedwick.

A NEAT TOAST.—The following was given
on the 4th inst., at the celebration in E. Ab-
ington, Mass.

"Martin Van Buren—He has returned to
his native state after an absence of three years.
His native State will return to him after an ab-
sence of only two."

The people of St. John, N. B. have sub-
scribed one thousand dollars, and forwarded it
for the relief of the sufferers of the late disas-
trous fire at Esposito.

Cold water is said to be very grateful to in-
fants, and not at all injurious. Children labor-
ing under fever from effects of thirst have been
cured by using the cold medicine. Real thirst
cannot be allayed by any other drink.

WELLERISMS.—"It is more blessed to give
than to receive," as the school-boy said ven the
master fogged him.

"Be careful or you may get sun-struck," as
the fellow said ven he squared off at his father.

A portion of the refinement of our age is barbar-
ism and folly. Proof: Girls from sixteen push
their way into the aisles of a crowded church,
and stare men who are gray, and sixty, out of
countenance to get the seat they occupy, and
the men yield to them! Again: three or four
six feet men scramble out of a pew into the
aisle (the most awkward movement a man ever
undertook in a hurry) to do reverence to a girl
while she takes her seat!

POST OFFICE INTELLIGENCE.—The name
of the Post Office at Turner, Oxford county,
Me. has been changed to "East Turner."
William Winslow has been appointed Post
Master at Byron, in the county of Oxford.

THE BOUNDARY.—Among the passengers in
the Great Western were Col. Mudge, and other
gentlemen, appointed by the British Govern-
ment as Commissioners on the N. E. Boundary.
These gentlemen are instructed, says the Lon-
don Herald of the 29th ult., to proceed im-
mediately to the disputed territory, for the pur-
pose of surveying it.—Argus.

France and Buenos Ayres.—The blockade
of Buenos Ayres by France has continued
already about 15 months, without any immedi-
ate prospect of its being raised. A letter from
a Rio Janeiro correspondent says—

"It is generally supposed that Rosas will con-
tinue to hold out as long as possible, rather than
cede a single point to the French. Some how-
ever entertain hopes of an adjustment from the
recall of Admiral Le Blanc and Mr. Roger the
French Charge, and the appointment in their
stead of others with whom Rosas may be dispos-
ed to treat more freely. The result of Mr.
Moreno's mission to England is not yet known."

A NEW ISSUE.—The Ohio Statesman,
a leading Democratic paper, says: "The contest
is narrowed down to Martin Van Buren and an
Independent power, against Henry Clay and a
Bank of Fifty Millions! The Democracy of
the nation must gird on their armor for battle—
for to this it must come at last."

RULE OF THREE. The Buffalo Republican
says: "If \$62,000 and a Wall street agency in
London, be sufficient to buy off one Presiden-
tial candidate, how much will it take to buy off
the whole Whig ticket."

Promise them a National Bank, with plenty
of Whig ship-planters, and they will bite at it
like a hungry trout at a naked hook.
Delaware Gazette.

Caution.—There are in circulation, we learn,
counterfeit \$5 bills of the York Bank dated
Jan. 7, 1839, and made payable to Wm. Smith.
Signatures well imitated, impression badly exe-
cuted, having no check on the back. There
have also been in circulation of the same im-
pression five payable to E. Lord, dated May
1, 1839. None have been issued by the Bank
payable to Wm. Smith or E. Lord of that de-
nomination.

James Watson Webb has gone to Eng-
land—George Combe the phrenologist is lectur-
ing at Buffalo—Jeremiah Hallet a famous miser
recently died at Yarmouth, Mass, and Mr.
Espy the rainmaker has returned to Pennesyl-
vania and taken his storms with him.

Pretty Good.—The Spirit of the Times
quips Prentice, as follows:
"The editor of the Louisville Journal says that
he feels burning within him 'the spirit of
'76.' It's New England, doubtless; but he's
mistaken in its age."

The schoolmaster asked poor Tam, an idiot,
how long a man could live without brains?—
Tam laying hold of the dominie's button, and
gazing for a few moments in his face, replied,
"How long hae ye lived dominie?"

We are requested to give notice that Rev. L.
P. Rand will preach a Lecture at the Court House
in this Village on Sunday, the fourth day of August next,
at 5 o'clock P. M.

MARRIED.	
In Thomaston, Mr. William Emery to Miss Lucy S. Spalding.	
In Bangor, Mr. Thomas F. Taylor, to Miss Catherine M. Kenny.	
In Livermore, Calvin A. Richardson, to Miss Lucy Atkins, both of Winthrop.	

DIED.	
In Waldoboro' 7th inst. Mr. Paul Mink, a revolution- ary prisoner, about 90.	
Lost overboard from the scho. Star, V.-cob master, in Deer Isle Thoroughfare, June 16th, while reefing the top-sail of the Main Boom, Mr. Wm. H. Wiggins, of Thomaston, 30.	
In Lyman, Mr. Joseph Connet, a revolutionary soldier aged 89.	

DR. WM. MOUNTAIN'S RHEUMATIC AND STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

THESE Plasters have been used throughout the
greatest part of Europe, and have been found to be
far more efficacious than any other Plaster for the fol-
lowing complaints, viz.—Pain in the Side, Lane Back,
Weak Stomach, Weak Joints, Difficulty of Breathing,
or any unpleasant feeling in the Chest, &c., &c.
These Plasters come to hand neatly spread, and only
need to be applied to the part affected,
Just received and for sale, by
W. E. GOODNOW,
Norway, July, 1839. 3w6w56

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that John Knight conveyed,
ed by deed of Mortgage dated July 18th A. D. 1837,
to the undersigned, by the name of Edmund Pray,
a certain tract or Lot of land situated in the town of
Fryebury in the County of Oxford, containing forty one
acres more or less.
For a particular description of the premises, reference
may be had to the District Registry at said Fryebury,
Book 18, page 421.
The condition of said deed having been broken, by
reason thereof the undersigned claims to foreclose said
Mortgage as provided by the laws of the State.
EDMUND W. PRAY,
Sweden July 25, 1839. 3w59

NOTICE.

I hereby certify that I have given to my son Clement
S. Heath his time and shall not, hereafter, receive
any of his earnings, or pay any debts of his contracting.
PETER HEATH,
Witness, ROBERT A. CHAPMAN,
ELBRIDGE CHAPMAN,
Bethel July 22d 1839. 3w50

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—ANDOVER.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners, resident and
non-resident proprietors of the following described
lands in Andover, within the county of Oxford, and
State of Maine, that they are assessed in the lists com-
mitted to me for collection for the year 1839 in the sums
following, viz:
Phineas Wood's farm near Jacob Farrington's, Lot
No. 2, 2d Div. 100 acres. \$3.30
Henry Jones & als 26 Lots on the Kimball tract, sup-
posed to be lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 14, 15, 16, 17, in the
1st Range and on Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 13, 14, 15, 16,
17, 18, 19, in the 2d Range, 17.90
Hozekiah Parsons Jr. for James F. Bragg's farm 1st
Range, Lot 14, 5.92
Am Pratt for Richard's farm on Kimball mile, Lot
18 1st Range, 3.46
John M. C. Alcott Lot 10, 2d Range on Kimball mile,
75 acres, 1.50
Unless said assessments are paid to me the subscriber
with all the intervening charges, on or before the six-
teenth of September next, at two o'clock P. M. so much
of said land as will be necessary to pay the same will
then be sold at public Vendue, at the town Hall in said
Andover.
3w50. SILVALUS POOR, Collector of Andover.

To the Hon. Board of County Commissioners now sit-
ting at Paris within and for the County of Oxford.

RESPECTFULLY represent your petitioners that
the public good requires that a new county road
should be located and established. Commencing at or
near Locke's mills in Greenwood, thence easterly to the
outlet of North Alder River Pond, thence easterly to the
outlet of South Alder River Pond, thence easterly to the
outlet of said Pond to land owned by Samuel Swan
in Woodstock, thence southerly on the Bank of South
Alder River Pond to land owned by Samuel Bryant Jr.
in Greenwood, thence easterly to land owned by Zephaniah
Whitman in Woodstock, thence southerly by land
owned by Samuel H. Houghton in Woodstock, thence
down the outlet of Bryant Pond so called in Woodstock
to Joshua S. Whitman's in Greenwood, thence southerly
in the most practicable route to the County road at or
near the North West corner of the town of Fryebury.
Petitioners respectfully request that the Hon. County
Commissioners may view said Route and duly locate
and establish said Road or so much thereof as shall be
deemed for the public good and advantage.
(Signed by) AMOS YOUNG, & 14 others.
Paris June 18, 1839.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, 31:
At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and
held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford
on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1839.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the peti-
tioners give notice to all persons and corporations
interested that the County Commissioners will meet at
John R. Briggs Tavern in Woodstock on Friday the
thirteenth day of September next at nine o'clock A.
M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth
in the petition; and immediately after such view, at
some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hear-
ing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attes-
ted copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice
thereon to be served on the Clerk of said town of
Greenwood and Woodstock and of Hamlin's Gore, and
on the county Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by
posting up-like copies in three public places in each of
said towns of Greenwood and Woodstock and in Ham-
lin's Gore, and by publishing the same three weeks suc-
cessively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the
first of said publications and each of the other notices
to be served and posted at least thirty days before the
said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then
and there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why
the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Attest, J. G. COLE, Clerk.
A true copy of said petition and order thereon.
49 Attest, J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Guardian's Sale!!

BY virtue of License obtained from the Probate
Court within and for the County of Oxford on the
25th of June 1839, there will be sold at the Store of
Joseph Chaffin in Oxford in said County, on Saturday
the 24th day of August next, at 5 o'clock P. M., all the
interest and right and title which Louis Chaffin has in
and to one acre of land and buildings thereon standing,
Land lately owned and improved by Wm. F. Chaffin
deceased, and which lies in the Western Village in said
town, and the same on which said Louis Chaffin
now lives.

PHEBE SHATTUCK, Guardian.
By her Att'y, J. S. KEITH.
Oxford, July 19, 1839. 3w49

Wanted Immediately.

BY the subscriber two or three Girls as apprentices
to the Tailoring Business to whom good encour-
agement will be given
JOSEPH D. SHACKLEY.
Norway Village, July 17th, 1839.

SHOES! SHOES!!

A New lot first rate Womens, Misses and Chil-
dren's Kid, Morocco, and other kinds of SHOES,
in great variety, made expressly for the subscriber,
and just received.
W. E. GOODNOW,
Norway, June 20, 1839. 3w6w46
Also,—More New CAPS, latest style.

\$100 REWARD!

R UN away from the subscriber on the 23d instant
Andrew Stubbs, an indentured apprentice, aged 18
years. Whoever will return said apprentice to the sub-
scriber, shall receive the above reward, but no charges
will be paid. All persons are hereby cautioned against
harboring or trusting the said Andrew Stubbs on any ac-
count, as I will not pay any expense he may incur, nor
any debts he may contract after this date.
BENJAMIN ALLEN,
Hartford June 25th, 1839. 3w46

ALEXANDER RYERSON

